

not sure where i was  
in the moment  
but i had a strange sense of balance.  
not a heaven with a hell  
or a purgatory  
fudging  
something in between  
nor was it a bender  
nor was it a dream  
nor was it a chemical imbalance  
nor was it a rebalancing hallucination.

i still do not to this day know why  
but it was clear  
that hemingway was hunting  
a nude whitman down in the tall grasses  
where walt was lying in wait  
prepared to  
trap the cross dressing  
hypermasculinity  
of well armed scotch  
with childhood issues  
to body paint  
we knew it all along  
on his  
manly flesh.

i suppose they are happy together...  
out there  
somewhere  
united in and by  
their love of raw nature.

the balance.  
wf.h.  
2024